

South Carolina Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor.

"First the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear."—Paul.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. I.

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SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER.

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PROSPECTUS

South Carolina Leader.

A Weekly Journal of the Times.

THE LEADER will be devoted to the interest of Free Labor and general reform.

The Federal Government will be sustained at all hazards; and we hope that its ultimate policy towards this State will ensure peace, prosperity, and domestic tranquillity.

That self-evident truth, contained in the Declaration of Independence, "That all men are created equal," will be steadfastly adhered to.

In matters of local concern, it will give its earnest support to all important public measures and practical improvements.

While fearless in its advocacy of the Right, and frank in its denunciation of the Wrong, its columns will never be made a channel of coarse personal abuse. It will deal with principles rather than men, and allow the free and candid discussion of all subjects pertaining to the public good.

In striving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the amount of subscription and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO.

LEFT-ARMED-SOLDIERS.

There are many men now in hospital, as well as at their homes, who have lost their right arms, or whose right arm is so disabled that they cannot write with it. Penmanship is a necessary requisite to any man who wants a situation under the government. As an incentive to the effort of wounded and disabled soldiers here named to make every effort to fit themselves for lucrative and honorable positions, we offer the following premiums:

For the best specimen of left-hand penmanship,	\$200
For the second best specimen,	150
For the third best specimen,	100
For the fourth best specimen,	50

The specimens of penmanship must be written with ink on fine letter-paper of the ordinary size (eight by ten inches), and not be less than two pages.

The literary part of the work may be original or selected. Brief essays on patriotic themes, and especially narratives of the writer's experience in the service of the country, incidents or sketches of the war, are preferred. In all cases, the writer must give his name in full, his company, regiment and rank; list of battles in which he was engaged, as complete as possible; the place where he lost his arm, with the date, and his post-office address. An inch margin must be left at the sides and top and bottom of the paper. Should a sufficient number of specimens be sent in, they will be placed on exhibition, and the proceeds if sufficient, will be devoted to the publication of a memorial volume containing the prize essays, a list of contributors, etc., a copy of which will be sent to each competitor.

The undersigned has the honor to announce that the following gentlemen will act as the COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

His Excellency Reuben E. Fenton, Gov. of New York.
Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., President Sanitary Commission.
William Cullen Bryant.
George William Curtis.

Executive Committee
William F. Dodge, Jr.,
Theodore Roosevelt,
Bureau of Employment, N. Y.

After the award shall have been made, the editor of *The Soldier's Friend* is to have the right to publish such of the contributions as may be best adapted for publication, and the manuscripts will be bound up and preserved as a memorial of the brave.

The manuscript must be sent in on or before the 1st of January, 1866. Time will thus be allowed for the men wounded in the last battles near Richmond to enter the lists as competitors.

The manuscripts must be wrapped around a wooden roller, to avoid folding or crushing in transportation, and must be addressed to

WM. OLAND BOURNE,
Editor of "The Soldier's Friend," No. 12 Centre Street, New York.

Editors of newspapers throughout the country are respectfully requested to republish the above.

A SHARP REPARTER.—Mr. Wendell Phillips was riding in a railroad car, when he was addressed by a man of south rotundity that he seemed to carry everything before him. The man asked Mr. Phillips what was the object of his life.

"To benefit the negro," was the bland reply.

"Then why don't you go down South to do it?"

"That is worth thinking of. I see a white cravat around your neck; pray what is the object of your life?"

"To save souls from hell."

"May I ask whether you propose to go there to do it?"

POETRY.

THE GRANDEUR OF OUR TRIUMPH.

[The following poem is by Miss FANNIE JACKSON, the first colored female graduate from the College at Oberlin, Ohio. It is a creditable production, and we thank the friend who sent it to us for publication.]

Is the grandeur of our triumph
The Republic's preservation,
That her name is not a byword
In the mouth of every nation?

Is it in the new-born glory
Which around our country glows?
In her heroes' names immortal
In the conquering of her foes?

Surely not o'er the whole earth
Shook with her triumph cars,
Though all nations before her,
And her glory touched the stars.

For the pride and pomp of splendor
Which the great world can afford,
Shirks to vanity and nothing
In the presence of the Lord.

In His power He passed among us,
And our hearts stood still in awe;
While with more than Sinai's thunder
He proclaimed his holy law.

In the mire where guilt had flung us,
In the slough of deep disgrace,
Struggled we—He passed among us,
And we saw his dreadful face.

Towered His lofty form above us,
Frowned His fearful, glorious brow;
Dripping with the blood of millions
Swept that red right hand below.

And He showed us in the fierceness
Of His anger what awaits
Those who trample on the weak, or
Turn the stranger from the gates.

Those who flout his banners proudly,
Calling on the Lord of hosts,
Knowing that their praise is mockery
And their words but idle boasts.

Oh, we thought to build our glory
On the oppression of the poor!
Vain attempt upon your heads came
Retribution swift and sure.

Sooner build your cities
On Mount Zion than to place
Your glory in oppression,
On the wrongs of any race.

For the slumbering fires of manhood
Shall burst forth with giant leap,
Leaving your renowned republic
But a smoking, blackened heap.

When out from the stormy war-cloud
Came the awful voice of God,
Dare ye lift in supplication
Hands not with your brothers' blood?

Laughingly we answered him
With empty words and frowardness;
Loathly we bore ourselves—
Was not our army numerous?

Then the dark days came upon us,
Bloody days, when no man slept;
When at Bull's Run and at Richmond
O'er unnumbered slain we wept.

When we knew in Southern fens
The braves of our warriors lay;
Marking where the bullets rained
In the stormy battle-day.

All for love of Christ and country
In the trenches did they lay;
Greener grows the turf, and sweeter
Bloom the wild flowers there to-day.

Then came also days of fasting,
When our country bowed her head,
While in sackcloth and in ashes
She sat mourning for her dead.

For her dead, and not her sins;
So our ears no victory greeted,
For the Lord was still against us—
We were smitten and defeated.

Till a great cry rose amongst us,
Till the whole land blushed with blood,
At the stubborn sin which kept us
Under Heaven's over-riding rod.

But the cloud of death was lifted;
Stayed the flow of martyrs' blood
When our country, humble, contrite,
Groping found her way to God.

As from out the Jordan's water
Came the spotted Lamb of God—
As from heaven the light eternal
Flashed its glory round our Lord;

So from out of war's red sea,
Baptized anew in freedom's name,
Our country comes with snowy robes,
And heart with holy fire aflame.

Then the Lord rebuked our foes,
And all their boastsful horns he broke;
Fled like leaves before the whirlwind
At the coming of the Lord.

In their men of war they boasted,
But the great Avenger's breath
Fell upon their mighty men, and
Smote them like the frost of death.

Come not too near the triumph mount,
On which God's lightning flashes;
But come where in his presence clasp
In sackcloth and in ashes.

For our souls have not been sinless,
Nor our hands been free from stain;
And our altars yet are dripping
With the blood of brothers slain.

Unto God belong the praises;
His right arm the vengeance deals;
In the whirlwind of the battle
We have heard his chariot wheels.

We have heard his mighty trumpet,
We have seen his flaming sword,
And the grandeur of our triumph
Is the glory of the Lord.

There are in Washington nine colored day-schools, whose teachers are supported by tuition fees. There are also twenty-five free schools supported by Northern philanthropy, and eight free morning schools, taught by clerks in the different departments. The city of Washington, as a corporation, pays nothing for the education of its own colored people.

FUNDAMENTAL LAW.

Extracts from a Speech delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives, by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, January, 1865.

My proposition is, that the government of the United States was instituted to secure the rights of all the citizens of the country, and not for the benefit of men of one race only; and I know not where to look for evidence that would strengthen the conclusiveness of the mass of proof I have thus adduced, embracing as it does the action of the framers of all the State constitutions but one, of the Congress for framing Articles of Confederation, of the Convention for framing the Constitution of the United States, the acts of Congress in unbroken series throughout the active life of a generation, and the solemn obligations assumed by the executive department of the National government in the exercise of the treaty-making power. If other sources of proof there be, it can only serve to make assurance doubly sure.

Mr. Speaker, it is safe to assert that in every State save South Carolina, and possibly Virginia and Delaware,—in which two States the question of suffrage was regulated by statute and not by Constitutional provision,—negroes participated in constituting the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and voted for members of the State conventions to which the question of its ratification was submitted; and as that Constitution contains no clause which expressly or by implication deprives them of the protecting power and influence of the instrument they participated in creating, I may well say that to secure faithful peace by the establishment of political homogeneity, and perpetuate it by the abolition of political classes and castes whose conflicting rights and interests will provoke incessant agitation, and ever and anon, as the oppressed may be inspired by the fundamental principles of our government or goaded by wrongs, excite armed insurrection, we need adopt no new theory, but accept the principles of our fathers, and administer in good faith to all men the institutions they founded on them.

As a step to this, my amendment proposes, not that the entire mass of the African descent, whom our laws and customs have degraded and brutalized, shall be immediately clothed with all the rights of citizenship. It proposes only to grant the right of suffrage, inestimable to all men, to those who may be so far fitted by education for its judicious exercise as to be able to read the Constitution and laws of the country, in addition to the brave men, who in the name of law and liberty, and in the hope of leaving their children heirs to both, have welcomed the baptism of battle in the naval and military service of the United States, and who are embraced by the amendment reported by the committee. This, I admit, will be an entering wedge, by the aid of which, in a brief time, the whole mass improved, enriched, and enlightened by the fast-moving and beneficent providence of God, will be qualified for and permitted to enjoy those rights which they may protect themselves, and aid in giving to all others that near approach to exact justice which we hope to attain from the intelligent exercise of universal suffrage, and the submission of all trials of law in which a citizen may be interested to the decision of his peers as jurors.

Let us meet the question fairly. Do our institutions rest on complexional differences? Can we cement and perpetuate them by surrendering the patriots of the insurgent district, shorn of all political power, into the hands of the traitors whom we propose to propitiate by such a sacrifice of faith and honor? Did God ordain our country for a single race of men? Is there reason why the intelligent, wealthy, loyal man of color shall stand apart, abased, on election-day, while his ignorant, intemperate, vicious, and disloyal white neighbor participates in making laws for his government? What is the logic that denies to a son the right to vote with or against his father, because it has pleased Heaven that he should partake more largely of his mother's than of that father's complexion? And is it not known to all of us that well nigh forty per cent of the colored people of the South are children of white fathers, who, after we subjugate them, will, with professions of loyalty only lip-deep, enjoy the right of suffrage in the reconstructed States? Shall he, though black as ebony be his skin, who by patient industry, obedience to the laws, and unvarying good habits, has accumulated property on which he cheerfully pays taxes, be denied the right of a vote in the government of a State to whose support and welfare he thus contributes, while the idle, reckless, thriftless man of fairer complexion shall vote away his earnings and trifle with his life or interests as a juror? Shall the brave man who has endured the dangers of the march, the camp, and the bivouac, in defence of our Constitution and laws, be denied their protection, while the traitors, in the conquest of whom he assisted, enjoy those rights, and use them as instruments for his oppression and degradation? Shall he who, in the language of my amendment, may be able to read the Constitution of the United States, and who finds his pleasure in the study of history and political philosophy, whose integrity is undoubted, whose means are ample, be voiceless in the councils of the nation, and read only to learn that the people of free and enlightened America, among whom his lot has been cast, sustain the only government which punishes a race because God in his providence gave it a complexion which its unhappy members would not have accepted had it been submitted to their choice or volition? And can he who will answer these questions affirmatively believe that

governments are instituted among men to secure their rights, that they derive their powers from the consent of the governed, and that it is the duty of a people, when any government becomes destructive of their rights, to alter or abolish it, and establish a new government? Sir, our hope for peace, while we attempt to govern two-fifths of the people of one-half of our country in violation of these fundamental principles, will be idle as the breeze of summer or the dreams of the opium-eater.

But it may be said, "History vindicates your theory. Our fathers did mean that the black man should be a citizen and a voter; to deny him his rights is illogical, as you have suggested; it was better to secure his loyalty to the Government by its even-handed justice; but such an act would exasperate the Southern people, and we do not think it wise to do that. His race is inferior, and, in short, we will not do it." Who says his race is inferior? Upon what theatre have you permitted him to exhibit or develop his power? Give him an opportunity to exhibit his capacity; and let those who follow you, and have before them the results he produces in freedom, judge as to his relative position in the scale of human power and worth. To whom and to what do you say the American negro and mulatto are inferior? Was our government formed for the Caucasian alone? Will you, as Theodore Tilton well asked, exchange the negro for the Esquimaux, for the Pacific Islander, for the South American tribes? Will you exchange our negroes for so many Mongolians, Ethiopians, American Indians, or Malays? I apprehend that the universal answer to these questions will be in the negative; because, oppress them as we may, we prize the American negroes as next to our own proud race in the scale of humanity; and shall we erect around our civilization, our privileges and immunities, a more than Chinese wall? Shall America, proud of her democracy, become the most exclusive of all the nations in the world? Or shall she carry her faith into her life, and become the home of mankind, the empire of freedom, and, by her example, the reformer of the world?

WATCH-NOTES.

The President's Experiment—Anxiety Abroad—Surprise of the South—Trust of the North—Doubtful Signs.

Long ago, when the attention of thinking, reading, reasoning men is fixed upon the most profound interest, just now, upon one subject, the most prolific that can be conceived, perhaps, of questions and problems of a political, moral, religious and practical character; that is, "the President's experiment." It is everywhere the leading theme of inquiry and discussion, not only in America, but throughout Europe, and all those parts of Asia and Africa where a newspaper signifies the advance of intelligence and civilization. Statesmen and politicians, philosophers and philanthropists, teachers and preachers, are all regarding with curious and serious gaze the spectacle of a great republic travelling in the throes of a national regeneration.

Among the best friends of the Union throughout the Old World there is an unaccounted feeling of disappointment in view of the turn things have taken, and of anxiety lest the grand aims of a four years' contest should be baffled by men who have always boasted of their superiority over the free North, not only in soldierly qualities, but in political and diplomatic ability. They have been beaten upon the battle-field, but they were confident of fresh victories upon the political arena, fighting with skilled leadership under the banner of State Rights. The contest waxes hot, and is destined to reach its crisis on the floor of Congress.

At the close of the war there was a universal expectation that the President would use the power with which he was invested to adjust the relations of the rebel States on the ground of a homogeneous nationality. There was no more "a South." The South, as it was, had appealed as a confederacy, to the arbitration of war, and had lost all. It confessed defeat, and was ready to take the logical consequences. It urged no claim; it expected to be treated as it would have treated us had Grant surrendered to Lee; for then it would have forced us to submit to a homogeneous slave policy established over the Union, allowing Mr. Toombs to call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill. Jefferson Davis would have transferred his residence from Richmond to Washington, and President Johnson, it is likely, would have had "to swing" without the ceremony of a long trial.

Of course, in their view, when the armed confederacy fell, "the South," as a political power, had departed from the theatre of action. In the political world it seemed that there was no more "a North," as distinguished from "the South," but one nation, a homogeneous union, "inseparable" forever.—Exchange.

JOHN RANDOLPH ON CONVICTION.

John Randolph was kept from the current infidelity of his early life by the memory of his mother's piety, and came at length to a strong faith in the Divine origin of the Christian system. The following incident, told by Mr. Key, in his account of the death of Daniel Murray, of the American navy, shows that Mr. Randolph understood what is meant by conviction of sin. Mr. Key says:

I remember being present at a conversation on the subject of religion between the late John Randolph and Commodore Decatur, who had

known Mr. Murray while in the navy. The latter was expressing his difficulties about the universal sinfulness of man's nature. It surprised him that the very best people in the world should always speak of themselves as sinners. He mentioned his own mother as an instance, and then turning to me, said, "There, too, is our friend Murray; you know what a man he is; who ever saw anything wrong in him? Is it not absurd to think of such a man as a sinner? And yet he accounts himself such." I shall never forget Mr. Randolph's reply to this. He rose from his sofa, walked toward Decatur, stood before him, and in his emphatic manner said to this effect: "I well know how dark and unintelligible this subject appears to you, and why it is so. But I trust a time will come when you will know and feel it to be all true—true of all; true of yourself; when you will be self-arranged and self-condemned; found guilty of sin—not of the sin of cowardice, falsehood, or any mean and dishonorable act; but at least of this, that you have conferred upon you great and innumerable favors, and have required your Benefactor with ingratitude. This will be guilt enough to humble you, and you will feel and own that you are a sinner."

I DIES FREE.

An old, dilapidated farm-house, in a little town in Georgia, long since deserted by the owners, stood desolately by the roadside. Woods grew rankly in the once-cultivated garden, through which here and there a bright flower looked out as sometimes a star shines through the thick interlacing of forest-trees. The fields had been trampled by thousands of horses' hoofs, the fences were destroyed, the rooms of the household defaced, the sacred altars of home were forever broken up.

The night had fallen, and it came down like a pall upon blight and death. There were no cheerful sounds along that deserted road. The voice of laughter had vanished—the sound of a child's merry song was a thing of the past.

Suddenly, in the midst of the thick gloom that covered the forsaken house, a light was seen to glimmer, and presently a dark form passed before the untarnished window over the hall. They were not all gone, the inmates of that lonely house.

In one corner of the room, which was very large, and newly bare of furniture, laid a white-haired old negro, who seemed to have just escaped the jaws of death, for she was fearfully emaciated. Standing at the window, near the feeble light, stood a young girl, sewing.

"Tiddy," cried a trembling voice.

"Hi, Aunt; you're sensible now."

"Yes, child, I members all about it. Heaps o' soldiers here when I was took sick."

"Yes, Aunt; dey's all gone, though."

"An' what's your folks?"

"Dey's gone too."

"An' why's you here, child?"

"Oh, I'se here to take care o' you."

"What! an' let all de others go to freedom?"

"We's all free now, Aunt; don't make no difference. Could'n't I have you to die, no how?"

"De Lord bless y'! de Lord give you all you needs in this life, and 'tarnal joy in de life to come," murmured the old negro, with a sob. "I'll git well as fast as I can, child; an' we'll both go whar de rest is gone."

Long, weary days passed, and at last old aunt set out, leaning upon Tiddy's arm; a stout stick in one hand, and so she hobbled along. But she had over-estimated her strength. On the third morning the sunken cheek and glazed eye told that her hours were numbered.

"Tiddy," she said, "I's going whar you can't lead me no more. I's tried to keep up, child; but de ole heart's worn out. But glory to de blessed Lord and Saviour, I dies free! Tell every body dat ever asks for de ole woman dat she died free. You's young, Tiddy; you's going whar dey'll look out for your soul, and p'raps learn you to read de blessed Scriptur'. That's all I wanted, but p'raps I's too old. Glory to God! I'll read his word in heaven, and de Master himself will teach me. Good-bye, Tiddy; I dies free!" and, with one joyous look heavenward, the tired soul went home.—Watchman and Reformer.

HOW TO BECOME CITIZENS.

Now that the war is over, and half a million of young men are returning to their homes and friends, the transition from soldier life to citizenship will be very great. Many went into the army as apprentices or directly from school with characters unformed, with habits not established, and army life, as a matter of course, has its varied influences upon different individuals. One is made more staid, manly, and heroic, and another is led to dissipation and a reckless disregard of former habits and quiet usages.

Those whom the army has strengthened into noble manhood have come back improved by the hardships of the war; and those who have been rendered dissipated in any respect, either in their appetites or general manner and bearing; those who have forgotten the Sunday-school and the mother's religious teaching, now come back to us to blend in the common mass, to be elevated and benefited according as their

character and the circumstances they may meet at home shall do it. A good start is the best promise of success, and we would suggest to our friends—and all the soldiers are our friends—that on testing citizenship a few points should be well considered:

Each one should seek some remunerative and respectable employment; and if they have been in the habit of drinking or smoking, they will doubtless find it to their advantage to lay them all aside. Certainly the soldier who can face the infuriated foe amid the bristling bayonets and thundering cannon has courage enough to quit bad habits on returning to civil life, and to be able to say "no" to those who invite him to drink. But unfortunately for human nature, a man can meet serious hosts in battle easier than the seductive persuasion of friends who would lead him to dissipation.

We insist upon it that a right start is half the battle; and if they begin right on returning it will be easy to carry out their good resolutions. And we beseech our friends who had been in the army, who are at home receiving their soldier friends, that they refrain from per-suading them to indulge.

Army life unfortunately tends to dissipation. Drinking and other habits are too common in all armies; and light, frolicsome boys, led by those who are older, fall into bad habits. But they can be reclaimed; they can turn over a new leaf; they can say to the top, "Avant!" and to the tempter, "Get thee behind me!" and properly started in the right way, it will be very easy for them to keep there.

We were much pleased a short time since at the bearing and errand of a young man who called on us. He was just out of the army, he said, and he desired to start right, enter upon citizenship in the proper manner. His friends—his lady-love doubtless—had requested him to go and sign the temperance pledge. We gave him a note to our venerable friend, Dr. Marsh; the great apostle of temperance in New York; for which he expressed his thanks, and started to enroll his name among the temperate host. God keep him and make him, as he is able to be, a blessing to his wife, his mother, and all his friends. And we would suggest to all our friends, the soldiers; to go and do likewise. If they have formed the habit of drinking, the pledge will be an aid to their salvation. If they have not formed the habit of drinking, it will be very little privation, and yet a worthy example for those who are not strong in resisting temptations. Then if they will join a church and come under religious influences, they will be in the way of growth in grace; promotion; usefulness, and happiness.

In this way they may become good citizens as they have been excellent soldiers.—Phrenological Journal.

MUST BE HUMBLE.

We remember that we once questioned the truth of Robert Hall's remark that humility is the first fruit of genuine Christianity. A little reflection will convince us that he was right: This point is well illustrated in the following quotation:

"The first lesson in Christian service is humility; faith, dependence, zeal and activity are the second, and we may not invert the order or destroy the character and end of Christian performance. Pre-eminently do the sting of the tongue oppose our progress, and heap up occasions from shame and discouragement. You began a discussion in the love of truth and the spirit of peace, but pride of opinion and impatience of opposition mixed themselves with the zealous affection for a good thing and generated a strife of words, in which you dishonored the cause you meant to recommend. You proposed to elevate your adversary to your own or a higher level, and you have descended below his. Often in your private and public discourses the pleasant sound of your voice hails your Christian caution. Literary or religious vanity comes in like a torrent in your fluent periods; and it is no longer Jesus, your Teacher, your Saviour, but self, a crowned, applauded self, that engrosses your thoughts, and attracts your affection."

"Ye Thomas, ye gay, and festive euss" (in the language of Ariens Ward) is still about; and as day after day, comes and goes the artlessness, of his actions and the simplicity of his nature brings him more, and more, into public notice. Mark his veracity, as he effects a well-known book store, on main street, in company with one of his deacons; and casting his eyes up at the Bulletin-board, he sees there the odd names of several new books, such as "What will he do with it?" "Out of the depth." "Such things are," and the like, and stepping up to the counter, he asks the shopman, in that bland voice he is so famous for—"Sir, have you got the woman in white?"

"Yes, sir," said the artless.

"Yes," responded the shopman.

"In the dark?" still he inquired.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the attendant.

"Well, all I've got to say, uttered the artless, as he retired to the door, "you've got a mighty nice thing at it; good-bye."

The shopman was in a very low state of last accounts, but it is hoped that careful nursing will bring him "out of the depths."—Hound House.

Commissioner Swaine of Alabama reports to the Freedmen's Bureau that the affairs of the department are generally satisfactory.